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Some Forgotten Forestry.
The locust is one of the handsomest trees that grow in America. It is tall and straight and in the spring it has a beautiful blossom. Years ago it was judged of such usefulness that many groves of locusts were set out in Long Island, the wood later to be used for posts and other things exposed to the weather. "Locust wood," says the International Encyclopedia, "is compact, hard, takes a good polish and is useful for all purposes in which great strength and especially toughness are required."

The encyclopedia does not mention the use to which New York formerly put the wood of the locust as social medicine. A piece of locust about two feet long and an inch thick was reduced to cylindrical form and neatly smoothed and varnished. In this shape the locust wood, when administered deftly and with discrimination by a policeman, was the quickest, surest and about the only practical cure for brick throwing rioters. We suggest to the authorities that the fascinating study of this combination of forestry and medicine should be resumed.

Too Garrulous Vice Hunters.
A nasty impulse for self-advertisement stirs many officials, city and Federal, who have worked in recent vice investigations. The white slavers of New York, the Mann law black-millers of Chicago and elsewhere are vastly more apparent, we venture to believe and hope, than real. It is certain that their numbers have been multiplied by official publicity fever. It would induce to restraint in the utterances of the officials if higher authority commanded them to speculate less on the scope and importance of their plans; they would be less garrulous if they spoke of accomplishments only, not purposes. Some relief would also result, we think, if but one person in the office of the District Attorney or the Department of Justice were authorized to speak of these cases for publication. We should then, it seems probable, hear less of "white slave kings" and "queens"; of the "blackmillers' syndicate," "monopolies." Such terms are imaginative, they are offensive and they are dangerous. That there are bawds who should be strictly policed is not news; it is a world old story which should not be rewritten to give publicity to officials more garrulous than efficient.

Secretary Baker's Confession.
Every citizen who distrusts the United States army cannot be Secretary of War. It was apparently a realization of this indisputable fact that prompted the incumbent of the office, NEWTON DIELH BAKER, to make atonement for believing, before his connection with the War Department, that the army had a chronic desire and insatiable appetite for war. In palliation of Secretary BAKER's mistake it may be said that he was formerly ultra radical in his opinions, honestly so, no doubt, and suspected the army and everybody connected with it of selfish motives and sordid ambitions. In an address before the Business Men's League of St. Louis on Wednesday Secretary BAKER testified that a standing army was a menace to free institutions and that the professional soldier desired war; therefore he made this "confession" (the word is his own):

"I have found as Secretary of War that the entire army of the United States, from the commanding General to the last enlisted private, does not desire war. I know of no body of men who have a more single devotion to duty than the army, and no body of men who would be more willing to lay down their lives for their country."

to do its duty in a good or in a bad cause; for the first thing it learns, and never forgets, is to obey orders. A rational man might as well suspect a policeman of fomenting riots or a night watchman of encouraging burglary and felonious assault as the soldier in a country of free institutions of inciting its people to war. The army has given indubitable proof that it does not desire war by saying a word, when it can legitimately do so, for national preparedness; that is to say, for a system that would make war highly improbable. Yet even this patriotic manifestation has been perverted and thrown in its teeth. It is therefore with gratification that THE SUN, which claims some knowledge of army men and their point of view, welcomes the confession of Secretary BAKER. It is a handsome vindication of the service, and bravely it was uttered. May it be read and assimilated wherever war and the United States army are subjects of discussion.

September Adverts.
Mr. Wilson's congratulations to Judge SEABURY are framed in that adverbial, adjectival, superlative style which marks the first stage of his approach to persons whom he regards as potentially useful to him. Judge SEABURY's nomination at the primaries not only gratifies Mr. Wilson, but it gratifies him deeply, but it gratifies him "very deeply." He not only congratulates Judge SEABURY, but he "warmly" congratulates. It will be noted here, as always, that whatever caloric there is in the President's epistolary efforts is supplied rather by the dictionary than by the heart within the bosom. There was another Democratic candidate running at the primaries for the nomination for United States Senator whose notable success on Tuesday also elicited from the President the usual adverb of warmth, this time in the superlative. We are referring, of course, to the Hon. WILLIAM F. MCCORMACK, to whom Mr. Wilson happens to be more "deeply" indebted for his political and personal fortunes than to any other man living, with the possible exception of former Senator JAMES SMITH, Jr., of New Jersey, and, of course, also excepting Colonel GEORGE HARVEY.

Mr. McCormack has experienced every phase of the progressive ingratitude with which it is the President's custom to reward personal and political services to himself. Having entered the field for the nomination for Senator, not with the President's assistance or approval, but notoriously to his intense disaffection and chagrin, Mr. McCormack is in a position to appreciate the "warmth" of his illustrious benefactor's felicitations on the present occasion. For Mr. Wilson does not merely congratulate McCormack warmly; he congratulates Judge SEABURY; who of all men that have served Mr. Wilson and benefited him knows better the frigid vacuum from which the "most warmly" proceeds. It is this habitual profusion in the dispensation of inexpensive adverbs which, in the scintillating language of the New York Times, makes it so "hard to maintain belief in his (Mr. Wilson's) sincerity."

Do I Drink Alone?
The Hon. JAMES R. NUGENT, upon whom Governor WILSON refused to bestow the light of his countenance when they met in Sea Girt in the campaign of 1912, is in the campaign of 1916 welcomed eagerly at Shadow Lawn, his comings heralded, his political strategy admired, his support of the second term acclaimed. Why this touching appreciation of once spurned friendship, this situation so unlike that existing between Mr. Wilson and Mr. McCormack? Is it psychology? Is the mystery solved if it is recalled that Mr. McCormack never asked, in a scene of peculiar politico-dramatic interest, as did Mr. NUGENT, "Do I drink alone?"

There is No Reason for Keeping the Children Out of School.
"We should be guided by science, not by hysteria or sentiment," Commissioner EMERSON is reported to have said when urged to defer opening the schools to suit a view based upon apprehension of probable increase of cases of infantile paralysis by the congregation of children in large numbers. Dr. CHARLES S. RANKS, who is in charge of the United States Public Health Service polio-myelitis work in this city, reiterated two days ago the consensus of medical opinion that "the disease is spread particularly by men and women," because the cities on the main routes of travel from New York have suffered most severely. The SUN has pointed out with due respect of authority that such proof cannot be accepted, because the reader explanation of the increased number of cases along routes of travel is that on these routes the larger number of people, men, women and children, are to be found. Even if we accept for the sake of argument the view that "the disease is spread particularly by men and women," and not by children, why exclude the children from the schools, which are as necessary for their development as are food and drink? There was some reason for excluding children by quarantine on the ground that they would furnish fuel for the epidemic, especially in resorts that depend upon reputation for healthfulness for their existence. There is absolutely no ground for keeping the schools indefinitely closed in compliance with well meaning but

fear inspired people, if every child is directed to bring a certificate of health stating that the child has not been exposed to the contagion. This is the rule applied to all other infectious diseases by the school authorities. Why abolish it or change it when, as the health officer of Washington, D. C., sanely holds, there is no proof extant that polio-myelitis has ever been spread from the schools? Indeed, there is actual proof that the slightest influence in the spread of the disease. In Newark, N. J., where the health commissioner closed the summer schools, attended by 2,500 children, on July 17, up to which time only eighty cases had been reported, the number increased to 247 during the remainder of that month, and during August to 636 cases.

Contrasts in Hospitality.
It will be a great relief to the minds of sensitive Americans to realize that the Mexican commission will not be justified in accusing the Administration of a lack of sympathy, hospitality and cosmopolitanism. The report that the nation's guests on the yacht Mayflower, distinguished Mexicans accustomed to the temperate consumption of light wines, were to be deprived of their favorite beverages because Secretary DANIELS has placed our navy upon the water wagon has proved to be unfounded. The rule prohibiting the drinking of wine aboard Government vessels is to be relaxed temporarily, it is pleasing to note, in behalf of Señor CARRERA and his conferees. It is not only good taste but good policy to offer to Mexicans visiting our interesting country the food and drink to which they are habituated. Such a course not only establishes our position as a broad minded and worldly wise nation, but in this special case may cause our official guests to reflect upon a sharp contrast suggested by the deference that our Government is paying to their desires and customs.

What American sojourners in Mexico have been forced to swallow during the past three years has not been to their liking. In fact they have been forced at times to look upon all available edibles and drinkables with suspicion. They have been compelled to eat the bitter fruit of ignominy and insult, and even to drain the poisoned cup that meant death. American women have been forced to eat the fatal food of shame, being vouchsafed no other choice. American children, crying for milk, have been butchered in their hunger. The menu presented of late to Americans in Mexico has been blood red in color, with a black border. It does no credit to Mexican hospitality. It is a pleasure to know that the entertainment offered to its Mexican guests by this nation is fundamentally different in kind from that which has been extended to Americans in Mexico during the life of the present Administration at Washington.

Handsome Hamilton.
The briefest and most satisfying county return on the Progressive primary for Governor is as follows:
Hamilton..... 2 0 0
WHITMAN, SEABURY, Hamilton..... 2 0 0
In political matters the county named for the Hon. ALEXANDER is linked with a hyphen to its little sister on the south, Fulton. This is because the all wise Constitution decreed that never, until she got a lot more people, should Hamilton have an Assemblyman, and that in the meantime she "shall elect with the county of Fulton." In recording the result of Tuesday's primary it is a pleasure to throw out the hyphen and Fulton with it and let Hamilton stand alone. If the returns from the five missing districts should change the grand score of 2 to 0 they should be thrown out too.

The Progressives of other counties did very well by the Republican candidate for the Progressive nomination, but Hamilton is the only 100 per cent. county. It is like her. She is great, wide, lofty, serene, beautiful. Nature made a good job of this jewel county of the Adirondacks, and she makes a good job of the primary. The Constitution permits the Legislature to abolish Hamilton county by consolidating her with another, but we hope that this never will be done. Just as we hope that Hamilton, no matter how many voters come to live in her fastnesses, will never have an Assemblyman thrust upon her. She is best as she is. The sun has set behind West Mountain. Long Lake and Little Tupper, Raquette and Lake Pleasant, mirror the first stars. Blue Mountain and Owl's Head are a blur on the purple darkness. JOE STANTON and ED CLARK, the Progressives who have returned en masse to the fold, have had their supper and are sitting by the fire, telling the city stranger about the last panther they killed, back in '92. A loon laughs at the dramatically right moment. A fluke or two of snow sifts down, and an otter, slinking home with provisions, stops to look at the river bank where he will make a slide after the first heavy fall.

The summer visitor has returned to the city. No human sound breaks the great cold stillness of the North Woods except that soft tread of a moose in short vamp with French heel which tells the reverent night that Miss ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN is tripping down to one of the Limekiln brooks for a pail of water. All's well in happy Hamilton. President Wilson's sensitiveness regarding the dignity of his office must amuse CHAMBERLAIN and GOMPERZ.

Professionalism.
Because she gives exhibitions for pay as an ice skater. Is not this action by the National Tennis Association likely to cause future trouble? If a professional skater may not compete in tennis as an amateur, how about the status of a professional teacher, singer, actor? Does the practice of any profession for pay disqualify an amateur in any sport?

It remains a mystery how so much money gets into the treasury of Panama which the louters loot. No golf tournament excites the same degree and kind of public interest as the annual meeting of the seniors on the Apawamis links. There is a sort of sanctified reading of a three-score years and ten contestant leading a big field, including young chaps of only fifty-five, with a gross score of 89, which does not attach to the golf dings of school boys. Gross 89 for sixteen holes is a gall which not many years ago landed players of high sixteen of fast company tournaments.

The reigning families of Europe have become a most unhappy collection of strained relations. Wisconsin seems to have forgotten Battling Bos in favor of Fighting CHARLES. Kansas, reflecting the sentiment of its citizens, abolished capital punishment. A lynching in Kansas would therefore seem to be unthinkable; yet Olathe, the county seat of Johnson and only twenty-one miles from Kansas City, Missouri, has just had a lynching of a man convicted of murder in the first degree, the penalty of which is imprisonment for life. Olathe is the seat of a State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, but Kansas cannot remain deaf and dumb in the presence of this great outrage upon its sovereignty.

A united body of Progressive voters will be behind you. MR. WILSON to Nominee MCCORMACK. Progressive! Is it possible that the Hon. TRIMBLE has not had the heart to tell his chief what happened in Maine? That German submarine is slower than an election return from St. Lawrence county. In Kansas capital punishment is denied the law and reserved for the mob. The only punishment that punitive expedition has been instrumental in inflicting upon the Administration at Washington.

There is every reason to believe that the champagne at New London is becoming extra dry. A Harvard professor of psychology returning from England says that "the domestic drive is no sport." Nor is it any sport, as the British war correspondent who describes Tommy Atkins as going into action smoking and singing would have the world believe. Serious, grim, deadly business when there are 30,000 casualties a week. The Harvard professor goes on to say that the offensive is to go on with no time limit. How long can such losses be endured?

I warmly congratulate you and predict a decisive victory in November.—The President to Nominee SEABURY. There will be a decisive victory in November. The Administration's discovery that our army has a prejudice against fighting is on a par with its contention that our marines are perfect devils at playing ping-pong. Three more Austrian Archdukes have been ejected as the result of German influence from three important military commands.—Zurich despatch. This will be unwelcome news to General Brittonary.

CARANZA seems to be in more need of a peace commission at Chihuahua city than at New London, Conn. Up State Mr. CALDWELL talked of cabanages, but Kings won for him. What, No Immunity for the Stork? To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir, I have read with interest the editorial article in to-day's SUN in which you claim immunity for the stork, as a carrier of freight, from Congressional regulation. This claim must be disallowed. In the first place, it has been generally held that the stork is a carrier of passengers, not of freight, as you intimate. In the next, its operations in question are demonstrably interstate, if not international. And do you not know, lastly, that Congress assumes jurisdiction over migratory birds? For your enlightenment see section 8837, United States Compiled Statutes, 1915. The stork, in addition to being an intrastate and interstate migratory does not admit of doubt.

INTERSTATE.
New York, September 20. Dues McNamee's Bad Habit. From the Saratogian, Cal. Re. Dues McNamee, 100 years old, visited Westwood from his home in Hayden Hill to get a job here. If a dog isn't laid the dog is pretty sure of going to work driving a team when the State highway camp opens next month. Soliloquy at Shadow Lawn. Where are they gone, the old familiar faces? I had a friend—McNamee—but he left me. Left me slowly but surely, when I did not need him. All are gone, the old familiar faces! Once I had Bryan, he was my friend. In my hours of struggling in that great convention. But now he's gone. Left me with "God bless you." Upon his lips. Gone, are the old familiar faces! I had a friend; a truer friend had no man. Like an ingrate, I wounded my friend acutely. And he, good Colonel Harvey, left me. To nurse on the old familiar faces! At my right hand sat my friend. Who was the strong arm of my Administration—Garrison, upright and honest—but he too has left me. When I deceived him—gone are the old familiar faces! At Shadow Lawn, where new friends swarm around me. Earth seems a desert I am bound to traverse. Seeking to find the friends who left me. But all are gone—the old familiar faces! CHARLES LANE 24.

THE IMMORTAL EXPLANATION OF THE RESULT IN MAINE.
"Swamped by the Very Effectiveness of Their Own Campaign." To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Why will people continue to jest about the statement which appeared in the World to the effect that "the Democrats in Maine seem to have been swamped by the very effectiveness of their own campaign?" There is nothing to joke about in that sentence. Ask any good Republican whether or not the Democrats' campaign was effective. He will say that it was very effective (for the Republicans). The campaign was most effective (for the Republicans) in that the Democrats made the very effective (for the Republicans) mistake of sending the foremost graduate of Jellyfish University, the Hon. Josephus, to Maine for observation by critical Yankee eyes who have been taught that a backbone is something of a necessity, but the difference between a Roosevelt personality and a Daniels personality, was too great for them to be fooled and the vote showed the result of their observation. It would have been a mental and physical impossibility for the Democrats to have waged a more effective campaign. Who can doubt that the gifted author wrote the truth when he composed that sentence? ROBERT E. TILLEY. SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., September 21.

LO! THE POOR FARMER.
He Tosses Higher for Stalk—Moral. Swat the Middleman! To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: When mentioning the high prices of foodstuffs paid by the consumer, "Salaried Man" has failed to take into consideration the fact that the farmer also has to pay higher wages for help, the same high prices for his living on top of high prices for certain grains to make his crops, house hold expenses, his children's education, and high prices for feed to make the hogs grow and fatten into those high priced porkers. And after all is said and done the average farmer has but little more net profit than he had a number of years ago. If "Salaried Man" wants to help remedy the situation let him rise up in his indignation and swat the middlemen, to whom the farmer is obliged to consign his produce a hundred miles away and in turn take what the middleman may be should have as his share of the high prices. Make his crop, but spring left upward of a thousand quarts of red currants remain on the bushes rather than take the three or three and a half cents a quart which the middlemen considered the farmer's share of the ten cents a quart for which those same currants were then selling at retail. Yes, the farmer is entitled to his share of his share to-day of the five cents a bushel of four small carrots is about forty to fifty cents a bushel! Numerous instances could be cited along those same lines where the retail prices are 200 to 250 per cent. over the farmer's prices. A farmer's crop of corn, for example, which he is selling at 10 cents a bushel, with his flour enjoying himself in his kitchen along over country roads built for the farmer with taxes levied from the poor salaried men of the cities, he would only stop at some of those farms and pay the farmers some of those "abnormal profits" which he assumes the farmer gets. He would help reduce his own high cost of living and at the same time return to the farmer some of the profits to which he is entitled but cannot get out of those high prices on account of the middlemen. In closing I would like to call "Salaried Man's" attention to a letter written by a farmer which appeared in the SUN, and which was published in your issue of September 14, which you headed "Plum: a Tragedy." A FARMER'S SON WHO IS NOW A "SALARIED MAN." RIVERFIELD PARK, N. J., September 19.

THE ONE BUTTON CLUB.
Are There No More Double Button Dicks, or Are They Suffering in Silence? To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: As I read "Double Button Dick's" first denial of "One Button Dick's" assertion that one collar button works, I wish to offer the latter my earnest support in his contention that the front button alone is adequate. In fact, for something like fifteen years I have had a daily movement of one and a half button simple elimination of the back button. Let me urge "Double Button Dick" to try at least once more and probably he will join the One Button Elimination Club. E. T. R. Jr. New York, September 21.

The Bunion Under the Neckband.
To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Having read in your valued columns a letter of September 12, written by "One Button Dick" and later a reply dated September 17 by "Double Button Dick," I take the opportunity of expressing my heartfelt sympathy with the latter. I will proceed to say that I have enjoyed the pleasure of that collar button which has been the cause of so much trouble and can safely say that it has done away with the corseting of the neck and made me a law abiding citizen. I note that "Double Button Dick" experiences trouble in tying his shoes, running after cars, &c. As is generally known the majority of men wear collars much too large for them and if "Double Button Dick" or others who wear a back neck spike would confiscate a collar that would not allow the chin to drop into it or the collar to slip up and expose the callous button caused by above said spike I will grant that he will not lose the back of his neck, nor will it take the running broad jumps he refers to.

ONE BUTTON BILL, 2d.
New York, September 21. **Two Years of Freedom.**
To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: I have been waiting in keen expectation the reply that was surely forthcoming in the "one collar button" controversy. I was pretty sure the "no" could come from Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, where it is the style to wear a collar so large that a fur muffler can be worn inside of it. It is more than five years since three of our office force have not worn the second collar button. Two of us wear collar one-quarter size larger than the shirt collar and the third wears collar and shirt band the same size. To those suffering from neuritis, as I suffered, and to all who like a relief from non-skidding scarfs, the "one button" is a help indeed. A NEW YORKER. New York, September 21.

THE RIOTS.
Demonstrations by the Dupes of Well Paid Criminals. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: It is indeed a pitiable spectacle of helplessness or imbecility, or both, that is presented by our city at this time, when the comfort, the business and even the safety of its millions of inhabitants have been threatened during many days by a lot of worthless and irresponsible trouble makers who, apparently, purpose to continue their destructive and conscienceless activities indefinitely and increasingly. That these men are engaged in a criminal attempt to hold up the community is evident. Their openly expressed intentions simply amount to a declaration that, unless they get what they want, they intend to make life intolerable for the rest of us. And there are any reason to suppose that they will abandon their efforts to augment their financial gains so long as they can influence their dupes to strike and riot, while they themselves take no risk and are left free by the authorities? Surely there is some provision of law whereby these men can be restrained and punished. Otherwise it must be confessed that our city government has practically broken down. W. C. C. New York, September 20.

INDICTING THE STARLING.
He Bullies Even Flickers and Bluejays. Says a Bird Lover. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Since a Brooklyn entomologist has so highly defended the starling, attributing to it qualities belonging to its American cousin the crow, I am sure you will be quick to tell something that really happened. Last winter I fed a large number of birds: of the sparrows there were more than thirty white throated sparrows, four song sparrows and one fox sparrow, who, however, doesn't count because he perished that Sunday of the blizzard. Of the larger birds there were a few bluejays and a flock of starlings. The bluejays were quite content to feed on bread crumbs and allies which an optimistic squirrel daily hid in the crochets of the trees for a second meal. Not so the starlings. After emptying the basket containing suet and nut meats intended for the chickadees and nuthatches, the starlings would descend to the seed tray. There might be one or twenty birds happily feeding, but the instant the starlings spread his awkward feet on the tray the little birds vanished. I quite agree that the starling eats a hundred times more worms than any robin, but since even a robin's little bird is warned by food, but I do not remember to have heard the scree of the starling except at mating time. In a blinding snowstorm the white throated sparrow will pause during his meal to sing a note or two of his silvery liquid song. A song sparrow or white throated sparrow will sing even in winter, but the little bird is warned by food, but I do not remember to have heard the scree of the starling except at mating time. In a blinding snowstorm the white throated sparrow will pause during his meal to sing a note or two of his silvery liquid song. 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